Gandhi Memorial College Of Education Bantalab Jammu

Rhythmic Verses

Dr. Roshan Saraf

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Rhythmic Verses

Compliments from
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Rhythmic Verses (Poems)
By Dr. Roshan Saraf 'Roshi Roshi'

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Preface

I dedicate this poetic wave to my elder brother, Late Shri Shiban Krishen Saraf a genius par excellence who when alive guided me to a disciplined path and always stood like a rock behind me when ever I failed in my commitments. He used to say, that use the courage and rave to combat your own failures and be sure that you win the battle of your own limitations. His advice was like "Lord Rama's" words to His "Lakhshman" and I as a humble and obedient brother bowed in absolute humility and abided by his wise words of wisdom despite my mercurial temperament.

I remember, when I was persuing my academics at S.P.College, Srinagar, I developed taste and craze in English literature and poetry and in my seclusion I often wrote some wayward couplets in English which my late brother corrected with a pat on my shoulder. He always encouraged me to write more and more so that the pen becomes sharper and smoother to write a commanding verse. I vividly remember, in 1962, I wrote a couplet:

O, Moon, the bright beauty,
tear the shackles and appear in purity
what, if sky says, "look the marble in nudity".

and when my brother read these lines his face beamed with surprise and said, "that is wonderful dear, your thought is innovative, keep writing and you will automatically correct your mistakes, I am pleased to find a soft idea in a tough body of an athlete, brother I would

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suggest the verse to be like this:

O, "Moon, the night beauty
tear the shackles, appear in purity,
don't bother for the hiss, marble shines in nudity".

When ever I dared some verses or paras he would read and make some corrections not to disappoint me but to encourage me and my pen.

Today he will be pleased to see that I have been able to compile my verses and definitely will be blessing me from some where in the eternal heavens with a tearful smile.

I can not afford to miss a word of praise to Prof. B.L. Fotedar who guided me and corrected my verses grammatically and for writing the foreword of Rhythmic verses despite his personal, social and professional engagements.

12/07/07 **Dr. Roshan Saraf**
Jammu

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FORE WORD

The seventy two creative Compositions contained in this volume which Dr. Roshan Saraf prefers to call "Rhythmic Verses", may not be applying classical standards qualify to be called poems, but when studied without any bias we find that these compostions do contain poetic sensibility and essence in them, these creative compositions are undoubtedly poetic expressions of a variety of human themes. Many of the poems have similar or almost the same theme but the poets creative genius has chosen different expressions and levels of sensitivity for treatment, giving each poem its uniqueness. These "Rhythmic Verses", therefore, need not to be read as poems but creative intelligence of the writer in a foreign language, the use of which puts many constraints on one who cannot claim to have total or complete understanding or knowledge of its written or spoken idiom and is not as comfortable or as much at ease with this language as with his native tongue in which he has created a lot of literature in different forms and styles. Dr Saraf, every Kashmiri speaking person knows, is a writer with multi dimensional creative ability.

Dr. Roshan Saraf, the writer of these poetic compositions is a physician by profession and a poet by nature who has studied music on the side lines and has come to posses a cultivated voice . His profession has provided him ample opportunity to study human nature closely. His interaction with a large spectrum of his patients, who bare their true feelings and nature to their physician in their sufferings, has made Dr. Saraf not only to diagnose their ailments successfully but also to look deeper into human nature in all its aspects, human

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emotions, in all their variety, intensity and depth and human behavior in changing situations. This knowledge has honed the poets sensibilities which is evident from the understanding and skill he display in describing human situation and emotions in multiple ways in these poetic compositions which are a product of authentic personal experience, both subjective and objective. These poetic Compositions contain human themes ranging from deeply emotional to subtly intellectual and from philosophical to mystical and devotional. Written from 1972 to date in different states of mind and moods the poet has been satisfactorily successful in giving adequate expression to the wide spectrum of human emotions and experiences like love in all its aspects, beauty in all its variety, joy, hope sorrow, fear, helplessness and terror experienced at different levels, and devotion, worship, sacrifice and surrender in their depth. It is some-what intriguing that there are not many compositions about the trauma of the mass exodus of the unprecedented scale forced on by the social group to which the poet belongs. But a subdued under current of the pain of exodus and living in exite has found its expression effortlessly in poems not written exclusively on the subject. In spite of the constraints put on him as a result of his limited hold on the word fund of English language and limited exercise in the use of the spoken a written idiom. Dr. Saraf has been successful in devising his own phraseology to convey a thought or a feeling not only this, he even makes an appropriate use of medical terminology to describe an intricate human situation. No doubt the lines of his poems lack meter or measured rhythm found in English versification, yet his own sense of music has enabled him to create devices to invest the lines of his poems with mellifluous charm. His abundant

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use of internal and external rhyme, assonance and alliteration seems to come to him without much effort. In his native tongue, Kashmiri, Dr. Roshan Saraf has written extremely wonderful ghazals, when it comes to dealing with passionate feelings of longing for love, living away in separation or hoping desperately for final meeting with ones love, or putting across a serious thought in a very subtle manner, some of the poems in their volume seem to acquire the taste and timbre of a ghazal. If not in form but in the treatment of the subject or the theme they contain, these poems read like ghazals. Among these, poetic compositions there are a few devotional poems written in the praise of his Guru or spiritual mentor and there are a few other poems in which the poet describes his own experience and understanding of Hindu mysticism.

I think, these poems one 'Should read' once, at least, just for a Change.

Prof. B.L. Fotedar

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His Majesty

Tears rolled down my aching eyes as I was,
lying prostrate in obedience,
with body and soul paying my humble obeisance,
my ego and ignorance burnt to ash with His divine resonance.

I saw a twinkling diamond with unlimited radiance
glittering on a face in its absolute glory.

An eternal flame erupting out from every where,
descended from the Heavens to share,
touched this planet to absolve the miseries and to care.
I saw a Shining Sun with dazzling elegance
glittering on a face in its absolute glory.

A white turban as if snow clad Kailash sparkling,
a sacred apron He was wearing
all year round without caring
I saw a shimmering Moon with cool and pleasant brilliance
glittering on a face in its absolute glory.

A true sage puffing on its "Chillum" in total serenity
not to be intoxicated but be in love tranquility,
so as to dispense the essence of humanity.
I saw a fragrant rose spreading its sustained fragrance
glittering on a face in its absolute glory

Diluting the trauma and turbulence of His devotees
in a fathomless flame without any fee or lease,
humming "Su Hum" with "OM" its permanent force in
His physical crease
I saw a priceless pearl with unmatched magnificence
glittering on a face in its absolute glory.

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Rill waves on His forehead looking live and so graceful
as if a rainbow shining in dew and dash so beautiful,
a saffron vermilion in tricolor radiating so wonderful,
I saw a serene saint with unparalled patience
glittering on a face in its absolute glory.

A wooden foot wear floating on sand and water
carrying the devotees across the safe shores without a falter,
holding the weak hands without any prejudice like
a Supreme master
I saw a fabulous lotus blooming in its excellence
glittering on a face in its absolute glory.

A human frame but a God incarnate
distributing the essence of boundless love and bliss so delicate;
with gradual and soft swing so exotic and Compassionate
I saw a majestic master sermonizing the extract
of His fathomless guidance
glittering on a face in its absolute glory.

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Home Sweet Home

The Rome I built brick by brick was smashed
and dashed bit by bit,
Within a Jiffy carved nest dismantled and
rubbled by rough ruffians in a felonious fit,
the collection of desires and compound compassions
were severely hit,
every credential of our heritage and culture was
erased by a gushing prejudice flood, it scratched our
every digit.

A hurricane blew fast and rapid,
in came the downpour acidic and acrid,
tiny birds lost their nests in a vicious wind
and the majestic maple turned pale and looked wilt.

The paradise in its fragrance and colour
looked so dull desolate and paler,
spring turned into autumn seeming a lost stranger
and demons rattled the garden, were proud of guilt,

Oozing springs changed their temperament
as if poisoned with venomous ailment,
to cure the vicious flow can't find an ointment
as the serene saints lost their judgment and received a tilt.

Innocent people were wearing a friendship gown,
human amity was their sparkling crown,
I'd, Shivratri swinging up and down
but from somewhere devil's
eye pierced the humble hearts to make a pricky pit.

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Giant eagles flew from across the peaks,
forced tiny souls to fear with his roaring Shrieks,
scrapped the flesh with claws and beaks,
the singing sparrows fell from their nests,
and were horrified, were buried under the silt.

There was a sudden drift in behaviour and attitude,
friends of yore became foes rude and crude,
love and affection was torn to shreds, exhibition was nastily nude.
history of ages and its golden pages were scraped by an apartheid Kit.

What went wrong, who poisoned the neat water?
who threw rubbish and polluted the nectar?
Who trampled over faith and trust, who was the defector?
Who buried the explosives under the feet,
who infused the nagging nit?

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Hidden Cry

A cry which I kept hidden
drenched my heart within
and cynosed my body and soul out and in.

Tears rolled down my sunken cheeks,
flooded my facial creeks,
flow was ravenous and could not plug the leaks.

Peevish pain erratic and sudden,
heart murmur was slow and smitten
and the non stop flow made my eyes swollen.

Skelton was trembling and shaking
as if an eruptive volcano rocking,
blood and flesh tearing apart and nerves soaking.

Lungs were burdened with awful smoke,
throat throttled with a carbon choke
and the self panting for some oxygen to inhale and soak.

Who cursed the beautiful and mesmerized the blissful,
trampled over the tiny soul so wonderful
and heaved the love casket with a mighty pull

Gentle tune of love was wavering,
with fear and anguish shivering
but still optimistic for lost yearning.

The wave length of grief multiplied tremendous,
the echo of pathos sounded enormous
and the resultant tone hoarse and vicious.

Turbulence forced my thoughts to be thrifty and shrunken,
migration defeated me, I feel broken
and in my seclusion I weep often.

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Suffering thought

A creaking knock at the door,
thought of getting up or to ignore
but the knock turned into roar more and more,
I got Up opened the door, rubbing my eyes and yawing.

In came a man with a smile so big,
scalp shining because he didn't wear a wig
looking as good and as bad as a plump fig,
he shook my hand with a force so cracking.

Directly he went into the Kitchen and made some sound,
looking for sugar I suppose till he found,
tingling the spoons and beating the ground,
he to a tune was humming and dancing.

I followed him to the kitchen to pick up the mug,
instead he stopped me with his huge hug
and said, take care, underneath you have a costly rug,
looking for the cup I was astonished and wondering.

As I was sipping the morning freshener,
my thought flew past the oceans nothing to utter.
I saw nothing but the lost paradise in blossoming summer,
I was lost in my past as I was dreaming.

The fragrance of my birthplace was fascinating,
it simply smelled nectar intoxicating,
it lulled me to exotic frenzy with a chirp so litting,
every breeze and its swing was so dashing.

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Sir, sir, do you want more tea?
it is as soothing as the velvet lips of she,
it is the refreshing and relaxing key.
These words abruptly shook me from the dream so fascinating

While he deserted that room,
I could do nothing but swim on the waves of gloom
as I was away from my birth place of bloom.
I wiped off some rolling tears but within I was suffering.

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Heavy Currents

Rock within and outside hit the core,
mild currents wildly swept the shore
and withered mast turned rusty with an open sore.

Physical dock was shaking,
the frame so huge trembling,
and down came the skeleton crumbling.

Torn fragments were curried away,
desperate limbs trying to sway
but the rude rage dragged it to a rocky bay.

A wind of thoughts blew far and fast,
brain waves were lost in perennial past
and the tiny heart caught in a tangle so vast.

Punctual beat was missing
but a soft murmur hissing
and the eyes wet with aches were guessing.

Ah ! the poor pulsating heart,
tolerating thousand stings of a knave dart
but involuntarily going on with its sperial art.

It till end lives, makes life to adore,
absolves and absorbs the acridity with an open door,
cleans the circulating mush and controls gushing roar.

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Dawn

In the twilight of morning hours,
drizzles of cool and crazy showers
precious pearls rolled in the lap of flowers.

Yes, that was the cool bath to tear the lethargy,
to refresh the body and mind with potential energy
and to start a new day forgetting the overnight allergy.

The time pacing with the onset of sun's authority,
daffodils opening their yellow bosoms as a priority
and the lush green surface sprinkling nectar with sanctity.

Dancing rills moving fast to meet their mates,
kicking the hurdles and tearing the whirl-gates
and every drop impatient and irhythmically it pulsates.

How can one sleep long at such a time so precious
when prosperity is being distributed by "Lord" gracious
and the true devotes relish the blissful cup so delicious
and sumptious.

That was wonderful when a "Cuckoo" sat on a blossoming twig,
singing sweet and melodious with a cute swing,
yes, I watched the black beauty on a cool dewy morning.

The essence of such a fragrant moment is marvelous,
to worship the great God makes one religious,
it keeps awake even in sleep and makes the mind divine
ambitious.

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Just Yesterday

Kinetic and potential energy, gone cold,
side burns grey, moustache missing, cheaply sold
but still I don't believe I have grown old
just yesterday I was a toddler toddling around with a toy.

Unmindful of abrasions and bruises,
busy in toppling jams and juices,
hopping and dancing with shrieky noises,
just yesterday I grew from an infant to a boy.

Behind grandma's bent back playing hide and seek,
she brushing my soft cheeks with a pat so meek
and I as a small wonder mocking with a sob and smile so freak,
just yesterday, I was as precious as gold and not an alloy.

I looked into the mirror with an acute glare,
became conscious and busy in self care
and suddenly became a darling so dear,
just yesterday, I was versatile and youthful, born to enjoy.

I smiled, giggled and roamed with joy,
became as special as a buoy
but on a romantic remark felt coy,
just yesterday, I was as uniformly dressed as a sepoy.

A thought of past makes me shiver,
frozen currents, weak waves in shallow river
and some arrows dangling out from broken quiver,
just yesterday, I had a precious plan to deploy.

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Rustic Valley

A whirlwind of hatred hovered over paradise,
devastation and disintegration was on the rise,
'Satan' in proxy demolished it in disguise,
an awful plan was gradual but precise.

Winter was in chilly bloom,
meadows swept with a ghostly gloom,
fear and terror heaped up with a spiky broom,
insane Insurgents were bent upon on an awkward exercise.

Young hearts were hypnotized,
innocent minds mesmerized,
soft and silky frame desensitized,
youth magnetized and the old made unwise.

Friends of yesteryears became sordid,
behaved vulgar and apartheid'
suddenly their approach became prejudice minded,
a devilish slogan echoed and ethenic discrimination was on rise,

The benevolent thread so scared
was torn and trampled,
age old amity collapsed and human relation tumbled,
tall faith and trust was demolished and cut in size.

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There blew a hurricane and erupted a rock
'Chinar' turned rusty with a severe shock,
time turned violent and played mock,
the valley of saffron became a market of cadaver merchandise.

Chirping bird so humble
Was stammering with a fumble,
his throat choked with a lump and a bubble,
still the broken faith was optimistic of a glowing sun rise.

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Dry Tears

The eyes so demanding
a question as if asking,
perhaps some hidden wounds nursing
and in need of some relief and treatment, wandering.

A queer look in surprise,
an x-ray to visualize
emotions in a queue to pulverize,
perhaps poor pair was cursing.

The inquisition was gradual,
reflex glances were dual,
its enquiry was nostalgic and unusual
and expression was not less than moaning.

Night waves at a bay
are always moist anyway,
its strong currents are ready to flood the highway,
and the sores on the pathway weeping.

Lips sealed and tight,
frame listless day and night,
nerves shivering as if bitten by a monstrous kite,
understandably poor self sobbing and gasping,

A dart of grief penetrated,
left the core mutilated
and the anguish of trauma accelerated,
a wound within was dripping

The eyes talk without a tongue,
respire without a lung,
many a desperate tale they have sung,
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yes, some necrosed wounds hopefully nursing.

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Talking Eyes

Eyes are oceans deep and perennially precious,
every wink so natural and gracious,
they look and behave vivacious
and dispenses pleasure to its purity

It has divine depth, clean and shimmering,
every signal so pleasing and soothing,
the waves so exotic and luring,
it vibrates the strings to hyper potency.

Every glance emphatically poetic,
message heavily romantic,
reaction highly preponderant and catalytic,
it works gradually and secretly.

Pair of lotuses so scared and pious,
don't need lips to operate, they talk with a twinkle so audacious,
at times very cautious but without bias,
a mole underneath elevates the charm of beauty,

With one twinkle it elevates to passionate galaxy,
it lulls in a tune of deep ecstasy,
the other cradles to compassionate frenzy,
it calls with moist winks so acutely.

Eyes sing a melody, they mesmerize,
connotations soft, talk in rhythm and in disguise,
without a magic wand they hypnotize,
it has magnetic attraction and tremendous polarity

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Retirement

A dirty tag, a torn flag on his shabby tenement,
an ethnic Curse crushing every fragment,
a native in his own land, labelled a migrant,
still in service but Alas ! in retirement.

Dawn starts with lassitude,
a big yawn with a boring attitude,
likes to be in sullen soltitude,
as a habbit nods his head with resentment.

The unkempt beard in a salt and pepper,
with a limping gait, as if a leper,
takes his breakfast as if supper.
there is neither amusement nor excitement.

Gazes at the wall clock,
smitten with a strange shock,
gesticulates in the mirror with a mock,
his actions depict his mental derailment.

A jingle sound and a mess,
whether or not to dress,
looks dazed disillusioned more or less,
curses the creator for such a huge punishment

When he walks he is a novice on the road,
unknowingly hops like a toad,
he seems a wreck with a psychological load,
it seems, has lost the behavioral arrangement.

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His family has faced physical and mental trauma,
himself tangled in terrific Glaucoma,
he is a living cadaver but in coma,
to his chronic pains has a routine job to find an ointment.

Just a room, Ah ! no privacy,
young couples restless and crazy,
they blame the heavens for such a curtain led piracy,
under one canvas shelter, father and son face harassment.

He sobs with moist eyes,
with a lump in throat his heart cries,
in temples in a hoarse sound decries,
to his 'Lord' with a broken faith he begs for ever lasting treatment.

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A master piece

A smile and a sweet ripple,
a giggle and a deep dimple
on either side of the face like golden maple
making it attractive and endorsing the heaven's principle.

Not a word but in silence,
she grazing from a distance
glaring in silvery magnificence,
cheeks rosy as if a delicious apple.

Eyes demanding and lustrous,
intoxicated and looking gorgeous,
few coy pearls shinning on a pair of lotus,
brows carved like a bow with a space ample.

Curl of hair in dense black,
made to hang with a special nack,
a serpent lock dangling on the back,
seeming voluptuous with a creamy pimple.

Anatomy chiselled in waves,
some parts curved, some in planes,
waist in losses but breast in gains,
god's masterpiece so intricate but sensitively simple.

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The gait classic and majestic,
every step moving mystic,
a rhythmic swing poetic and romantic,
a walk so special with a sensuous wobble.

"He" created a prime mistress in a caring mother,
in her a sharing beloved partner,
a painstaking sister and an obedient daughter,
that is why the image of a woman as "Shakti" is worshipped in every temple.

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Hope

Let the hooting owl disappear,
let hibernation calm the roar of wild bear
let the mighty night vanish in despair
and wait till the golden sun dazzles in east bright and fair.

The dawn will twinkle,
the merry bells will jingle
on the lush green surface the dew will mingle
and the sweet melody of "Cukoo" shall mesmerize the air.

The hoarse congestion and the wheeze,
the heavy snoring shall cease,
the breeze will blow in comfort and ease
and yes, the cool and shimmerng pearls shall reappear.

The day will shine in absolute glory,
force night devils to be ashmed and sorry
and the ghosty gloom will think to worry
and the humming of birds shall be heard far and near.

'O' Silvery Swan carry me across
the safforn valley so as to assess the loss
and clean the oozing springs off their moss,
definitely I will jog around the lake banks in front and rear.

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If I could go and touch my scared hearth
the place of my forefathers and my birth
and kiss the soil which has priceless worth
alas ! can I salute my holy shrines without fear.

On the brink of such on exotic moment,
broken hearts can find on ointment
the saints and sages will fix an appointment
I am Sure God will smile and our prayers he will hear.

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Crisis

Flow so continuous, wound so deep,
allowing blood to spill and seep,
inner appendages torn, heart to weep
and allowing cold shivers to Creep

Whether west or east
man has become a beast
relishes the human flesh feast,
the promise of humanity he has forgotten to kep.

There seems no brother who cares,
no friend who shares,
no one who wipes the tears,
human culture has degraded and the come back looks a tedious steep.

Men and women are slaughtered,
deaths date is altered,
money and flesh bartered,
dumb humen are for sale and are piled up in a heap.

Merchants of death are busy
in massacring the innocent, have gone crazy
in dispelling justice they look lazy and hazy,
in devil's market a rich harvest they reap.

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Under the barbaric feet, saints were punished,
with no fault were banished,
the process of cultural amity was tarnished
and ethnic crisis has taken a wild and nasty leap.

Birds abandoned their nests on the dooms day,
left the paradise and lost their way,
for sustenance, dearly they had to pay,
they were frightened and unable even to peep.

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Milky Moon

On a cool and pleasant evening,
spring was in full swing
and the fragrance of night blossoms made it more exciting.

Suddenly a beautiful lass walked in with grace,
she was majestic and as special as an ace
and I was wondering, she could be from which place?

Anklets, fell in a tune on the feet,
her steps were on a rhythmic beat
and the skin silvery white and crystal neat,

Her hair long and lustrous,
contours prominent underneath the silky dress,
she was simply an angel, one could easily guess.

She was wearing a velvety robe with a golden lace,
she smiled and looked at me with a dignified craze
as I started thinking, she touched my hand and accelerated my heart pace.

Hazel eyes intoxicating and dreamy,
hands so soft and creamy
lips wet as if moistened with honey,

A sensuous feeling crept in within,
wanted to touch her shimmering skin,
but was afraid it could be a sin.

She was not less than a moon on the surface,
radiance sparkling from her face,
believe me I was not drunk, not dreaming in any case.

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Brave Heart

Within the womb the small wonder takes a start,
oxygenates the life in all circumstances in a live cart,
beats in punctuality with a rhythmic art,
not to part, vows and murmurs the noble heart.

Youth can wither so can beauty,
mind can surrender and forget its duty,
thought can swim on the waves of messy impurity
but a companion who lasts long and true is an obedient heart.

Graying of sideburns announce
the arrival of old age with a bounce
and gradually the pretty faces look other way to renounce
but no beauty can denounce a romantic heart.

A glance in the mirror creates a weezing cough,
finds sulky scars, on the fore head, face frightening and rough
the glaring skin drowned in waves so tough
but no age can weaken a brave heart.

Inevitable cries of a wailing mother
the mental pains of a caring father
can be intolerable along with the anguish of a waif brother
but the graph of tolerance lies with a patient heart.

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One can have a pious dip to clean the sins,
under the masters feet put knowledge on the anvil and greed to rinse,
read with purpose to clear myths and mystery bins,
the literate is the one who has a sacred heart.

To ignite the spark of wisdom in the ignorants,
to illuminate the path of the prudents,
to tame and teach the arrogant students
is only one and one only, the sincere heart.

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Engagement

Much awaited joy is due,
as passionate thoughts are in queue
it is a dream coming true,
yes identical ideas make it an ideal involvement

The knots of love are tied in even,
as marriages are fixed in heaven,
and arrangement is God given,
on a soft touch, finds a feeling of contentment.

Eyes wandering, probing and wanting,
looking for balm cool and soothing
till they find a glance so curing
and heave a sigh of relief to cure the ailment.

Fragrance of love spreads to passion and passion to compassion,
it blossoms to rainbow dimension,
happiness sprouts from a cool horizon
and a deep divine ecstasy leads to absolute attainment.

The mind relishs nectar in deep dips
when a melody erupts on tender lips,
the nightangale around jealously quips,
and the inner soul gets amused with lilting entertainment.

Lucky is he who dispenses benevolence,
shares joy and grief with utmost tolerance,
dilutes the venom of hatred with humble patience
and blessed are those who have the power of containment.

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Poor Maid

Night was dark and frightening,
owls ruling supreme and hooting
a poor soul lost her way and was weeping,
she was struggling with her broken buttons to hide her breast.

A maid in rags drenched in dust,
hands and feet discolored as if with rust,
expression dull and mute, looks like a stony bust
other wise a moon dazzling at its best.

Attire torn in shreds,
fabric exposed to threads,
soft body cyanosed where the skin ends,
she was shivering with arms crossed on her chest.

Tiny soles bruised,
toes tanned as blood oozed,
unable to walk as feet refused,
she was trembling like a young bird fallen from the nest.

Was she a beggar or a home deserter?
a schizophrenic or a gawky wanderer?
a fairy in disguise or a social suffrer?
she was rubbing the hair follicles under her worn vest,

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Clouds were ripped apart and asked to pave the way,
as a bright crescent peeped in and looked gay,
poor maid became restless as her frame was washed with a lightening ray
her hazel eyes were in some curious quest.

Repeated lightening exhibited here every curve naked and nude,
as if garments torn by an immoral rude,
the celestial body hid itself as she felt prude,
but yes, a human walked in and stretched his hand to do the rest.

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Vitreous virgin

Gleam of beauty on a maiden's blush
elevates the ecstasy with a flush,
cool passion dripping on the live marble in a rush
and on touch every part like a mush.

She looks pure like a crescent,
sensitive, pious and innocent
and in behavior a royal princess so descent,
her zig zag anatomy to be praised but not for a crush.

A freak smile on the lips,
which transforms face into concave dips
and ready to pour wine for sips,
her hazel eyes intoxicated as of a chronic lush.

She drops her leafy punctums on a tender touch,
silvery face shinning with a dew drench
movement of the lids as if sprayed with Scottish punch
speaks not a word but a silence so hush hush.

What can one call her a rose or a lotus
as she emits fragrance so luscious
and looks so sensuous as a narcissus,
every inch she looks gorgeous under the royal mesh.

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She looks a fairy in a dazzling attire,
dressed in perfection, dress code to admire,
forces queens to a hasty retire,
she looks gracious and vivacious in black plush.

Can I have a dream of being with her?
loving and being royal for ever,
and taking a vow to displease her never,
will always talk sense and not to get carried away by any slush.

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Lord in radiant bust

Birds after days hard toil
flapping their wings to a rhythm so royal
as if tuned perfectly with a mechanized coil

I was lost in the cantata chirp so sweet,
watching and wondering super creation so neat,
taught as if by a master to a perfect beat.

In the frenzy twilights of such an exotic evening
when birds with their families were settling
and a lone crescent traveller in the sky shinning.

My feet unknowingly perhaps took me to a lonely place
where it looked as if everything is in solace,
nothing visible but a radiance sparkling in grace.

There was a room within a dome and a jingle sound,
some incense sticks smelling around,
and a serpent smoke curling from an urn on the ground.

I got intoxicated and hypnotized,
involuntarily my nimble feet got magnetized
and the mental faculty was mesmerized

A word of bliss was loud and clear,
an echo, yes I wanted to believe my ear
and the blissful words were

"I knew one day you will come to me dear,
the attire of an athiest you will tear,
the miseries of your brethren you will share
and you all shall be under my care"

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Definitely I was awake not in commotion,
not dreaming or under any illusion,
he was talking to me, yes, there was no delusion.

I shook myself and touched the dust
pinched my foot sole as hard and best
yes, to know my state of mind and pass the acid test.

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Naked truth

When my ignorant self was lost in compound thoughts,
confused and tangled in all sorts,
mental faculty criss crossed in complex knots
then a beam of light peeped in with a radiance.

A unique figure so calm and sound
puffing on a 'Chillum' in profound
chanting 'Suhum' clear and loud,
with His lotus eyes he was maintaining the yogic balance.

Was he a saint or a sage
viscera almost visible in skinny cage,
I tried hard to estimate this age,
he was humming "OM" for his sustenance

Who can He be? A god or a diety,
with sober concentration shunning the vanity
expressing anguish and smiles with a varierty,
he was definitely unruffled with huge patience

I bowed unknowingly to His feet,
which were soft and neat
and my arrogance and ignorance fell, master to great.
he marked my forehead with ash with an assurance.

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Tears rolled down in a stream of submission,
scars healed on the ignorant lesion,
my towering ego was pulverized for a sacred mission
and I surrendered to the divine majesty without any hindrance.

Blessing dazzled in brilliance,
my entire self was charged with hyper credence,
within a jiffy I was transformed every ounce
and I went into trans, yes it happened just once.

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Martyr

We roam around far and near,
meet our kin who are so dear,
make merry without any fear,
you as a guardian take care for the happiness of India.

You have an aim in mind
to walk over the enemies to grind
to combat face to face, not from behind
you march forward zealously with the flag of India

In the frozen lakes and on snow peaks,
amidst chilly winds and devils shrieks,
unruffled in snoring blitz creaks,
you crush invaders for the honour of India,

Under your determined fact, the mountains bow
rough streams in humility go slow,
glaciers harden their backs and condense in flow,
you walk firm and flawless for the sovereignty of India.

Under the high flying national tricolour,
you on the border stand erect and robust in valour,
across the roaring waves, you swim like an ace sailer,
you are every bit an Indian, a true son of India.

Burst of your gun silence the roar of intruders,
the might of your muscles maul war mongers,
with vengeance you cruise over the bodies of traitors,
you sacrifice you mortal self for the love of India

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India is the hearth of our saints and sages,
with love and brotherhood we have lived ages,
"Bhim" and "Arjun" are vivid in our pages,
you pulverize villains, you are the brave heart of India.

Smell of your bravery is a fragrant rose,
for the cowards it is an inspiring dose,
for the lethargics it is an enthusiastic prose,
your brave deeds will be always remembered in great India.

You are the practical hero, the pride of India,
the promise and the defence of India,
you don't care for your self for the sake of India.
I salute you, 'O' martyr of India

Breeze of the Himalya stands witness for you,
heavens bedeck its paths to great you,
generations of the country will always adore you,
you like "Abhimanyu" fight for the integrity of India.

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Conversation

It was an awesome dream so vivid and beautiful
it looked true, like a rainbow so colourful,
its every moment passionate and bountiful

I saw a throne sparkling and radiant
bedecked with pearls majestic and magnificent
and a serene saint meditating in total commitment.

I collected my courage and asked a question
sir, who are you and what is your religion?
and what place is this and what is your origin?

He did not pay any heed, looked busy else where,
or deliberately ignored me, did not care,
I could not repeat my question, I could not dare.

My little heart galloped on a fast beat,
with my vacant eyes I gazed on to His feet
and sometimes at His forehead which was bright and neat.

To my astonishment he said:-
"well, you have a curiosity to know me,
to know whether I am a He or a She
and to know what the domain of my kingdom can be,

I am holding the super place in heavens,
under my command are satellite taverns,
I am omnipresent, govern allover and distribute bliss in evens.

I meditate for those who meditate for me
I care for those who discern me
and I bless those who recite me.

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I am immortal and immediate,
I destroy and create
I write everybody's fate.

I am punctual, I can't be late,
I bless the fortunate who to me are intimate
and in some I am incarnate.

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Hero

The rhythmic steps of your heavy boots,
confident march and victory hoots,
bent upon pulling out enemy roots.

Your prowl is ferocious on the border,
to conquer the heights, you are so eager
and to demolish the foes you are in anger

Glaciers have melted under your feet,
the 'Tiger peaks', the "Saichen's" have bowed to greet
and the sun sparks to give you a treat.

"Chattrapati's" sword has taught you to rip the knave,
"Maharana's" spear has shown how to dig enemies grave
and the blessings of "divine Mother" has nurtured you to be brave.

You have been asked to fight for country's order.
you have jumped in firy fray, 'O' Splendid warrior,
in your rank and file you have ascended higher and higher

I want to reach you and nurse your wounds,
implant my flesh to cover you wounds,
donate my blood to nurse your wounds

Every countryman prays for your victory
keeps fingers crossed for your safety
and asks heavens to bestow you a life, long and healthy

Every Indian is indebted to you, 'O' brave solider,
we kneel body and mind, 'O' brave soldier,
we are proud of your wisdom and courage, 'O' brave solider.

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Inquisition

I dream about dreams to find the solace in my agitation,
to humble my ego and ignorance to renunciation,
to collect my leaking energy and to install a divine station
and finally to surrender to the holy feet along with five
generals without any hesitation.

The mind wayward in wilderness,
thinking of morass and creating a mess,
confusion disturbing the mental balance more or less,
ideas get tangled in Criss Cross and in agglutination.

With open eyes I look unto the sky,
protest at the heavens with silent cry,
not once but hundred times I die
but optimistically wait for a blissful annunciation.

Why is sorrow shivering and cold?
why does heart get buried under its load?
why is it so barbaric and bold?
why does it dance on the tune of annihilation.

When tears roll down they wet the skin,
but the moans, sighs and chagrin
drench the heart and soul within,
There is a lump in throat because of grief in agglomeration.

There is death after every birth,
looks God's supplies are in dearth
or His creation is not of any worth,
there is bound to be some flaw in deliberation.

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There is war between man and man,
humanity is fried in a greedy pan,
fair colour of truthfulness is tainted and tan,
love is mounted on a cross for crucifixion.

I want to meditate despite hallucination
so as to make a direct communication,
question His authority and appellation
and find the truth of spiritual affiliation.

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Election scenario

High voltage drama on the streets,
idlers working hard on the drum beats,
with handful of supporters and a band of cheats.

Followers canvassing hoarsely on the symbol of maple,
with saliva dripping, greeting the forgotten people,
again a promise to break and make a voter to baffle.

Bald head covered with unmatched cap,
bow legs wide open with a yawing gap
but hands folded and steps in zap.

Marching through lanes and bye lanes,
exhibiting mock anguish while looking at dirty drains,
promising to distribute umbrellas during monsoon rains.

In a croon voice says, " I am the best,
believe in me and forget the rest
and with your valuable vote you can test,

In a flash a stone missile whistled by,
created a confusion, a melee and a cry,
the leader collected his sleepers and looked shy.

A voice from the crowd said, we see you after five years,
you shed false but not the true tears,
we jeer at you, we don't have cheers.

Time and again the promise has been broken,
the faith of innocent people has shaken
but still the mandate for granted taken.

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You seem to be interested in the chair,
you are an opportunist, running after air,
you will catch nothing, that I fear

What are you, a juggler or an imposter?
sometime a deserter, sometimes an actor,
you are basically a political traitor, not a legislator.

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Volatile time

Thoughts frozen in summer,
agitation within multiplied in number
and poor mind hibernating in chilly slumber.

An unknown aggression,
mental waves in depression,
and the mind in complete concussion.

Poor self moaning and restless,
lungs panting and breathless
and behaviour confusing, the self listless

Where and what has gone wrong
there is vestibular irritation with the temple gong
and is irked with the merry birds song.

Ah ! such a sea change
a Himalayan steep with limitless range,
has compressed his world in a cage.

His age in white and bent with a boredom,
skeleton fragile, can not assemble the kingdom
and the volatile time running away, what shall he do now, 'O' wisdom

Can I dare to ask a question, 'O' Lord,
why such a devastation to a human, O' God,
the one who worship gets no reward

Pardon the sins if any sir,
you are the just, the ultimate forgiver,
man is your very dear not a stranger.

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Old age

Ah! the old age, forced to be pensive,
actions and reactions in absolute defensive
tongue mute, correspondance evasive,
thoughts hollow and behaviour restive.

Degenerated mind in amnesia,
nostalgic memories in dementia,
skeleton bent and physiology in anaemia,
expression haggard and conversation corrosive.

Day in and day out gesticulating in the mirror,
cleans it time and again to make it fairer,
every work done spoiled and in err,
vision tolerable but reflections elusive.

His numb fingers on his fading pulse,
counting it repeatedly and not once,
speaks with moist eyes otherwise in silence,
heart beat abnormal because of a torn tissue.

In a dare devil's mood dresses up in colour
for bad stitching curses the stupid tailor
oars his life boat like a lone sailor
a volatile self but now calm and submissive.

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The wounds within oozing in silence,
pains so acute as if in vengeance
but the humble attitude in worst violence,
skin cyanosed but nerves aggressive.

Doctors call it a disease of age,
elders name it sins huddled in cage
and the sages say the constellations in rage,
vertebra in hunch and movements passive.

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The frozen beauty

A towering substance of snow and ice,
shimmering and emitting elegance,
and in its back ground an aura of brilliance.

Radiating the bright glow to sparkle it
many a sun and moon every bit
assembled majesty dazzling and brightly lit.

To a theist it is not only a frozen beauty
but a myth carved into immortal deity
and every crystal sparkling and the ray's in piety

Devotees from far and wide
walk the trcherous paths on foot and ride
pay humble obeisance's and bash the pride.

Saffron clad devotees chant the hymns of the lord,
with mace on their shoulders and head in rhythmic nod,
young and old, weak and strong on a compassionate prod.

After hard walk day and night,
and the God's abode in clear sight
they hum "OM" and "Shuhum" left and right.

They bow in body and soul
they don't mind chill blains or frost bitten sole,
a life's fulfilment, a spiritual goal.

People bald, black and grey
tears roll down their cheeks as they pray
in cool and pious waters under His blissful ray.

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The pains within and the needs bothering,
the fear of death always hovering
but boldly and bravely marching ahead and impatient to reach the "Ling".

They don't want to die today, not tomorrow,
they want to enjoy, not to sorrow
although they know for sure, they are in queue, they are in row.

"Shiv" is creator, ultimate destroyer,
he in trinity is the universal saviour
he with "Shakti" is the sagacious governor.

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I don't know

When I sat on the wheel,
thought it is not a big deal,
while accelerating there will be no pressure our my heel.

An electronic plate working on dots,
the switches and signals in crisscross knots,
I was simply lost and out of all sorts.

Young guide was to my left,
on the dash board, the lords image I had kept,
instead of starting the engine I secretly wept.

My master was teaching me something
but my ear passage was blocked and I heard nothing
because three paddles under neath were bothering.

Clutch, accelerator and gear,
these three "mantras" were ringing in my ear
and every time I touched them with a fear.

Confusion is in the start,
to release the left and press the right is an art,
after all it is a mechanized engine and not a cart.

The concealed fear was clear in the mirror,
the black face looked suddenly fairer,
the self looked dearer.

I turned the key with a heavy heart,
road looked narrow and eye sight short,
confusion mounted on my head and why not.

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Oh! No, oh! God, was song of the time,
stammering and stuck but in rhyme,
on every moment stomach needed an enzyme.

To my surprise my teacher pulled up the hand brake,
my body language asked him the reason of the sudden shake
and he candidly replied, "we surely were tumbling towards the lake".

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The immortal majesty

Sun's ascent in the east
and the descent in the west
is always glorious and the best

It rises from the mountain lap,
as a radiant youth wearing a golden red cap
and spreads its sparkling realm over the world map

The cool dawn receives a wash by the first ray,
second cleans the boredom from the lethargic bay
and the third bugles the appearance of a new day.

Lakes and rivers flow with the waves on the surface,
ripples become exotic with a passionate face
and the flowing beauty shimmers with an added grace.

Saints say, "God rides the glowing chariot in the morning
to the sinners He gives a thumping warning
but blesses His devotees in the evening".

Dusk embraces the image with perfection,
lulls the golden majesty in clam reflection
and the poet writes verses in truth and fiction.

The immortal energy meets moon in the night,
kisses its mate with a sober light
and gifts her a marriage ring white and bright.

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New dawn

Mighty sun was playing the ding dong,
sky was swamped with a fiend fog,
as clouds hovered over too long

The celestial majesty did every thing,
with head and heel tried to break the nasty ring
worked very hard to defeat the demon and be the king

A hurricane blew hard and fast
darkness spread immediate and vast
sparkling dazzle was a thing of the past

The sun, the radiant sun
prayed to Lord to bless with a wisdom ton
to make the dark devil to run

Blessed he was and he thrashed the darkness into shreds
the giant was torn into countless threads
and the ignorant demon lost its eleven heads.

As an obedient and punctual devotee
sailed along the blue horizons to do the duty
with a sacred mind and heart in purity.

The day sparkled beautiful and bright
the luminous minaret waved its light
and the sizzling rainbow greeted the sun to make it a
specticular sight

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Invitation

Invitation was surprising but out of love,
a love as pious as love,
a love neat and nothing but love

Through the wire I heard the sound,
the sweetness, the eagerness and the rhythmic bound
I was hyper excited as if a lost treasure found.

I was thinking of yes and no, had some hesitation,
but the voice was commanding , a sacred invitation,
I fell to the softness and crossed over my limitation.

Whole night passed with a thought in mind
a bounty of pleasure jingling in cash and kind
a sensuous wave creeping from the front and behind

I know for sure the murmur of heart
not because physicians have that art
but because there are very few with a beat so soft

There are very few who love you
you can count them who adore you,
you can't avoid them who need you

Whether it is a birthday or whatever
I pray for your health and wealth for ever
so that you prosper day and night and fail never

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Love

Love has tremendous dimensions,
it is compounded with care and affection,
whether with devotion or compassion,
it has its own expression

It lulls and hypnotizes with sweet intoxication,
as it swings the souls with exotic pulsation
pulsating organ within the cage experiences strange vibration,
it sings a lullably of devotion.

It hums one tune and one recitation,
to nurse the wounds and nourish the meek, it has this temptation
it can absorb corrosive poison without any agitation,
it doesn't bog down with miseries, doesn't need medication.

It doesn't have colour, race or religion,
it doesn't belong to one but has manifold relation,
it is a mirror of sober reflection
and in homogenous medium it refracts in submission.

It has a sacred mission of elucidation,
to illuminate the ignorant to perfection
it has the order to protect from salvation
it has a virile mind and likes multiplication

Within all living organisms it is an immortal creation
it has volatile fragrance and sensuous sensation,
time and again it has been tested for purification
but has come out unscathed from crucifixion

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It is a nectar of divine ocean
one who tastes it, gets a chronic addiction,
it has coolness of an oasis and cupid's passion,
it carries truth of "Rama" and "Trinitys" benediction

It has "Radha" and "Krishna" in its infinite jurisdiction,
it has "Heer and Ranja" shining in rainbow variation
it has "Sohini and Mahiwal" locked in sober dedication
and it has "Romeo and Juliet" wedded to eternal destination

Love, more love is a hymn of universal creation
it has one song, one tune one melody of authentication
god sprinkles love aerosol for inhalation
and showers the love aroma for global glorification.

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Sadistic mission

For a while the roaring gun felt silent
there was no trace of any assailant
and the mute mind was hollow and vacant.

I enterned hesitantly into the room
saw smoke of tragedy and fumes of doom
of a wailing woman in gasping gloom

She was trembling with fear
the knock at the door, she could not bear
there was a cold corpse lying, which to her was very dear

Down the cheeks tears were rolling
she did not sob but poor heart within was moaning
and the wet wounds sounded wheezing

She wanted to cry to inhale some air
she could not, as if lungs had a tear
she could do nothing, her nerves were out of gear

She slowly moved her hand towards his heart
there was no beat, no warmth, nothing of that sort,
he was drenched, lying stone still, was bleeding a lot.

Why was he killed? She was thinking
why did they spare her, she was cursing,
to her own self a series of questions she was asking

A bloodshed because you have a different religion,
with a prejudice mind you want to make lesion
you are a barbaric monster, creating an inhuman division.

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You are intoxicated with hatred, you have blurred vision
you are undoubtedly a devil with an apartheid syringe for an injection
but you will perish soon and will never succeed in your bloody mission.

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Poor cop

A fragile and weak frame,
exercising on a routine game
and behaving like an obedient slave so tame

Exposed to blaze in scorching summer
unable to negotiate in chilly winter
tolerating and absorbing whatever anger

Cross road is his heaven and hell
the gains and losses he can not tell
if he reveals the secrets, he will be in pell-mell

When he returns to his shell
in anguish he sighs with a yell
he lies prostrate on the couch, feels unwell

His skinny feet swollen and numb,
toes and heels bruised with heavy boots rub
body broken and mind dumb.

For his own physique he least bothers,
what care, can he take of others
when he himself looks a hungry bird in fluffy feathers.

Somebody dared to ask him the prize question
why nothing but this very profession
and in a cold breath he replied, "I am under matriculation"

Ah! My republic, what a constitution
callous institution and mismanaged legislation
where literates beg and weak give protection.

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Divinity

To encase heart within the cage is science,
its beat has absolute life and soul resonance,
it is tuned for exotic love and spiritual romance

The purity of consciousness in congenital elegance,
as divine path has luminous radiance
and one who follows, has the blissful reverence

Lord," nectar under your feet
is a divine drink and a blessed treat
which can dilute the intricate ignorance and create
wisdom bright and neat

Your realm is water, land and skies
your governance is whole universe, limitless miles
you are omnipresent, immortal but behind the unseen veils

With a definite purpose you create
your modeling is perfect and accurate,
love and no hate is what you educate

What I ask for is just a sip
so that illusions and delusions get a rip
and the hymn of "OM" whistles on my lip.

With this eternal drink I want to nourish my existence
irrigate the desert of my hallucinations into lush green substance
and down my ego, greed, prejudice and belligerence

I am sure of one thing that I will achieve
a divine communion, a spiritual path to perceive
a fathomless bounty of God realization to receive

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Aspersion

Wanting eyes asking for alms,
hesitant movement and trembling arms
with bruised fingers and chapped palms.

A fair face eclipsed under dirty clouds,
hair locks scattered in matted bonds,
rags tattered as if by bloody hounds.

What a pity, a teenager on the road,
burdened with economic load,
she ought to have been in a high school, but can't afford.

Bony shoulders naked because of torn bodice,
youth in shambles and self lost its poise
she humbly beggs, pleads in a husky voice

Poor self exhibiting her shrunken tummy
but greedy glares fixed on her nude anatomy
and remarks arrogant and filthy

She was begging for a couple of coins,
singing breathlessly some movie poems
mock dancing and reciting some lyrical lines

After a hard work exercise she left
sat on the temple gate and wept
gazing at the "Lord's" image she crept

Was she cursing the creator or what?
expression painful but mouth shut,
trying to put some food into the empty gut

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From the distance I was thinking why is she begging?
why is she not working?
why not to be a house maid and collect earning?

I went to her, put the same question
to my surprise she candidly replied in 'Mumbya' diction
me a maid servant, Ah! It is an insult to the artist, an aspersion.

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The love spring

Spring calling me clear and loud,
Bulbul's sweet melody sound
echoing through air and ground

Although miles away I am here,
to chinars and lakes no way near,
but still smelling the fragrant air,

The swing of daffodils lulls my mind,
feel the tossing heads of lilies from behind
and the shadows of "Chinar" so calm and kind.

The shimmering waters of crystal lakes,
silver ripples carrying the pollen flakes
and the passion shrieks of daring drakes.

Pinkish lotuses on the "Dal" surface
floating and dancing at a rhythmic pace,
intoxicated with concoction of love liquorices,

I am attracted to such an invitation
when nature is in exotic stimulation
and the saffron valley in super meditation.

But can I go to my place of birth
roam around, pray and touch the dust of my home and hearth
walk on the lush green grass and cool dew and sacred earth.

I heard that "Gul-E-Lalah" has changed its colour,
hemoglobin is spilled, it looks paler
it weeps on the burials of those who died in valour

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Guns resounding and blood dripping through drains
youth gone vicious, hatred runs through their veins
minds hypnotized and hearts locked in apartheid chains

Alas ! the paradise ruled by orthodox lords
temple gong is buried under the echo of gun shots,
angles have fled and saints facing heavy odds.

Can I dare to ask "God" for His next incarnation
to do "Justice and save His ~~won~~ own creation,
to once again sprout the seeds of love and human generation

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Shiv Ratri

Shiv-a belief of fathomless elegance and beauty,
reality of birth and death with esteem philosophical sanctity
which can be probed by the lance of sagacious purity

A sage sees "Him" on the global lotus in trinity,
as "Brahma" the creator of the universe with authority
giving shape and size to every atom in variety

He finds "Him" as "Hari" in everything around
in heart with whisper and in air with a melody sound
nourishing good and bad on the ground

A saint knows His order and calendar
he knows Him as "Maheswar" the super power
he knows Him as the ultimate destroyer

With "Him" in the mind I feel the pleasant and blissful oracle
the crescent on the hair locks as a shinning twinkle,
on a dark night, thousands of sun's sparkle

It is a night of sensation and jubilation
a moment of devotional persuasion
when a devotee goes for a perpetual meditation

A devotee knows that "Shiv" is the lord of all incarnations,
a virile passion of all compassions,
a theist dreams Him in devotional dimensions

I long to celebrate a 'Shiv-Ratri' of love and peace O 'God'
when I can worship the idols of humanity O 'Lord"
when I can prescribe the nectar of transcendental
tranquility O 'God'.

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Another carnage

It was a night of gloom when brute owls hooted
shrieks intruded in the pleasant moments where calm dreams were looted,
the age old amity mutilated and crudely uprooted

Despite the assurance, yet another carnage
old, young men and women wiped off from life's page
as villains brandishing hatred, prejudice and apartheid rage.

A village in tragic slumber
bubbling youth massacred in odd and even number,
cries, wails echo in mind to remember

Innocents were stabbed in the back
humanity throttled, knotted in a sack
asphyxiated and tortured on a rack

What ever has happened, mothers don't believe
loneliness of grooms and brides, parents can't conceive
and the hearts of sons loaded with aches, fathers can't perceive

"O" Master what are you made up of, mercury or lead?
don't you know life fluid is colored red
can you incarnate and order butchers to stop this blood shed

The day has to come when atrocities will end,
when mendacious minds will mend,
when odds will vanish and evens shall tend

Our child hood passed in suspicion and disbelief,
the youth in fear psychosis floating like a withered leaf
and now the old age in nostalgia and gnawing grief.

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Marriage at bay

Dark clouds vanished had no say,
no April showers but a pleasant May
it was a splendid marriage at bay

A dusky breeze at sea shore so crazy,
with crescent moon, in its infancy
tearing apart the milky ways with sparkling frequency

Night was glaring, behaving as if a bright day
there were welcome greetings for the guests all the way
rosy faces galore and twinkled in a rainbow ray.

A flip wings took away the attention
and made a humming citation
mesmerizing young hearts in a particular direction

With a big smile a royal prince stepped in the wedding room
under a bedecked umbrella came a groom
and an old lady chasing away the evil spirits with a silver broom

Tiny angles carried the velvety robe of princess to the throne side
and followed a ritual to abide,
slowly walked in a bride in a genuine pride

A dear one from somewhere was creating a "Rongli" of love
drawing his heart out in an unique fashion
and writing his poetry in a clam compassion

Men and women in an exotic mood on a merry day,
old and young were intoxicated, looking gay
and relishing the punch, nothing to pay

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There was a hiss of "Omkar" and shower of bliss
impatient eyes were keen to watch, nothing to miss
as the just married couple was lost in an eternal kiss.

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Tomorrow

It is still the dumb and dark night,
heavenly canvas fumed with smoking sight,
let the dawn sprout into silvery bright
allow and watch the sun to alight.

Long hours and hush hush moments,
withering emotions and perennial ailments,
asking for ointments and liniments,
and raising the arms in submission but so quiet.

In an awful pain is moaning
with broken courage is kneeling
with paralyzed limbs is crawling
but a haze of gloom obstructs with all its might

A blissful ray will appear in the sky
the black and dreadful shadows will feel shy,
the atmosphere will resound with a victory cry,
and demon pessimisms will die, sprawling will be the giant

"Bulbul" will twitter and sing a merry song,
temple bells will awaken us with a gong
morning hymns will teach us to do all good and no wrong
expectations will rise to a new height.

Ripples on lakes will sound a beat,
streams will flow in a tune so sweet,
lotus will bloom in a cool colour so neat
and fragrance of love will spread left and right

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Morning star will shine and path will clear
mist will vanish and day will glare,
new hope in a sparkling attire will radiate far and near,
all around there will be nothing but light and more light.

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Lone sailor

On the dark skies on a fateful night,
moon cruised along with all its might,
unmindful of the invasion and the self plight.

On such a vast magnitude,
hovering along black clouds so rude
winds howling with a noise so crude.

There was lighting and a thunder,
frightening the sober heart so tender
and making the moon to shiver and surrender,

From the distance an innocent heart was watching
the ding dong battle and the dodging
with moist eyes was just quietly sobbing.

Suddenly the demon spread its enormous limbs
flapped its vicious wings
and pierced the claws in soft ribs

In sparkled a streak of dazzle with a pious purpose in sights,
lone walker tormented the waves, elbowing hurdles left and right
fought like a brave soldier, was adamant to defeat the giant.

In the battle field an awkward scar was engraved on the face so bright,
braving it out, she took an oath to face its might
and the Moon single handedly scaled the heights with
shimmering light

Merciful lord smiled on gracious wanderer,
cleared the path for the milky wonder
and asked the dark devil for an apology to tender.

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Unforgettable

The days which have gone by were the best,
what you lost and what you achieved was your quest,
you played the role of an actor at directors behest
you helped the needy and advocated the role of love as a must

You behaved human apart and did not
yield to the frailty of lust
you faced windy nights and blazing days
bravely and passed the acid test

You spent what you earned because you knew it is nothing but dust,
you achieved the goal of humanity and are
different from the rest

Your patience and tolerance is like an oozing
spring on the earth's crust,
you always walked away with appreciations
with a broad and proud chest

Your steps were immaculate
because of the zeal and zest
your love and care scented the atmosphere
in north, south, east and west

You transcended spiritual nectar to
nourish your human nest
as a devotee and disciple I bow to
such a master because it is a must.

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Sun-n-God

A celestial majesty glowing day and night
dispersing the beam of fathomless light,
fresh and fragrant hope kindles on its first sight
and the blue skies look exotic and alight

Is it red or golden, what colour is it?
is it male or female, what sex has it?
is it Hindu or Muslim, what religion has it?
is it an incarnated beauty shining firy and bright.

When sages and saints submit their offerings
who brings it one skies when cuckoo sings?
do horses pull it or does it have wings?
is it a son of trinity God in heaven, sitting upon the height?

Is it necessary for life, is it a celestial emperor?
does it burn things when it looses temper?
do obstacles stop it, does its routine hamper?
does its schedule falter which is so tough and tight?

First ray awakens the mountains,
the second frightens the rains
the third makes flowers to bloom and metabolize the grains
it nourishes life, it sustains strength and stamina, it is a natural diet

dark demons tremble and blow up in a bubble,
on their heels they collect their rubble,
they vanish into liquid they fear and fumble,
super giants surrender and concede the fight.

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The golden aura virulent and vibrant
shines with elegance and looks super radiant
it is benevolent, it is so clam and silent
but can defeat armies with its sparkling might

In the evening it settles in the west,
face glowing and looking shimmering best
signals the travelers to return to their nest
whatever may be the truth but it does everything right

What relation has it with fairy moon,
is it married to the paradoxical boon,
does it reflect its prowess to her at a lagoon?
or is it a glowing immortal sensation armed like a blazing knight?

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Tulip 'O' Tulip

Tulip, o Tulip you look virgin, 'o' Tulip,
ebullience of your youth is voluptuous,
variety and variegation of your skin is luscious, 'o' Tulip
you are an unparallel beauty so vivacious, 'o' Tulip

Whether east or west
your eminence is bright and best
none can stand for a contest
radiance of your complexion sooths the environment, 'o', Tulip

With a prejudiced mind, some highlights the rose,
write poems, write prose
as if intoxicated with a punch dose
elegance of your majesty attracts Angles, 'o' Tulip.

Daffodils dance for a while
pansies have a low profile
morning glory looks less virile
fragrance of your magnificence spreads to heavens, 'o' Tulip

Lovers get lost in the silvery nights of moon
and in your back ground at noon,
lovers share the ecstasy and warmth soon
effervescence of your passion intoxicates the atmosphere,
'o' Tulip

God's creation is unparallel and wonderful
his creation is fathomless and colorful
and your purpose on this planet is just youthful
brilliance of your beauty makes fairies to coy, 'o' Tulip

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Gardens without you look dull and fake,
as if no lotuses on a shimmering lake
the way night without moon looks opaque
endurance of your benign being makes paradise to envy, 'o' Tulip.

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Solitude

In my solitude when my shaking thoughts wander
in dense jungles to ponder
my refracting images for my mistakes, an apology to tender.

My cold and hanging sweat frozen in shiver,
thoughts in rigor mortis, a listless river
and an air bubble of sustenance floating over.

Body tries to move but an aching physiology,
tries to hang on but an exhausted energy,
moans and mourns with bruised psychology

The mind yells with every smack of nostalgia,
thinks in wilderness and talks to his self in dementia,
tries to figure out the wavy shades but in amnesia.

Eyes vacant, moist and taciturn
tongue numb, dry, lacerated and worn
throat choked and uvula red hot as if a blazing urn.

Where can I go now and ease my pains?
which physician can soothe my bleeding veins?
what ointment can clean my sustained stains.

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Freedom

I want to be a bird and soar high,
with the flipping wings cut the air moist and dry,
reach the sizzling sun and milky moon in the sky

Face the incoming storms, chill and dust
with immaculate precision avoid greed and lust,
with a brave heart and tolerance fly in quest

Let me share the moments of grief and sorrow
lend my support and joy misery to borrow,
not to neglect my brethren neither today not tomorrow

Let me chirp the song of my culture and heritage,
sing the melody of ethos with grace and courage,
tear the pages of disbelief and chains of irrational cage

Let me build the nest of desires and dreams
with walls of trust and welcome beams
where love and safety will flow in streams.

Let me teach the mankind an everlasting lesson,
guide like a father and behave as a son,
nourish like a mother and be as obedient as the radiant
rays of the sun.

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The hanging self

She once came in my thoughts like a monsoon rain,
I probed through body and mind but all in vain,
it was a mental search in disdain.

A pleasant shower and cool breeze
maple leaves sighing a relief with a wheeze
and chirping birds peeped out of their nest with a sneeze

Suddenly my mind got fixed somewhere,
yes, focused on a pretty picture
who's serpent locks were swinging here and there

I was excited with amazing joy,
when I saw a face which smiled coy,
every moment was exhilarating and I wanted to enjoy

She walked in a silky dress,
she brushed me close more or less,
I squeezed her soft hand while she was breathless.

Believe me, in a pleasant autumn she was perspiring,
looking around with a glance so daunting
lungs over working yes she was panting

I collected my courage and asked her,
before this I saw you never,
can you tell me, who you are o dear?

She murmured in a romantic way,
you were thinking of me whole day
you were looking for me all the way

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That is why I came here to say, that I am your concentration
lock me thoroughly in your meditation
and I will be with you during recitation

But Ah ! my cranial sutures are shallow
my mental faculty is hollow
the truthfulness and humanity I can't follow

Because I am born to chase the greed
I am running the rat race with enormous speed
and to pile up wealth is my eternal need.

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Superstition

Superstition is the unseen worm
which weakness your flair like an infecting germ,
it bites your mind and the waste oozes out as an allergy
on the epidermis,
do the stars fore tell, how to sob and how to yell?

Day begins with lethargic yawn,
lassitude curling in a dewy dawn
and in no mood to play with the golden pawn,
do the stars fore tell, what to purchase and what to sell?

He beats sandal in haste,
grinds the pulp in paste,
cleans the surface, nothing to waste
do the starts fore tell, what time to colour the forehead
with the gel.

Humming the hymns in a whisper
eyes half closed, walking in despair,
just mock exercise without any fervour,
do the starts fore tell, what time to ring the temple bell?

With greed, plucking flowers for oblation,
mind riding the horse of appreciation-
and looking for bliss in anticipation,
do the starts fore tell, which way leads to heaven, which
to hell?

O.K., can you count your sins of your own,
as with age they have also grown,
self consciousness means submission, it purifies your
spiritual tone.

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do the starts fore tell, how to correct the deeds which are otherwise in pell mell?

On your prosperous feet you have put brakes
because you rattled the trust and belief with rocking shakes,
you counted flaws of others but not your mistakes,
do the starts fore tell, that you are sick, not well?

All these years you have collected aches,
day in and day out you have lived on rakes,
in your bargain you gave nothing, you had only takes,
do the starts fore tell the time, day and date of your burial.

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That is yours

This day the flowers were in full bloom,
in my cottage stepped in a royal groom,
there was puzzle and a dazzle in the room.

Monsoon showers in odd and even
rainbow shinning in colours seven
and the land, looking a variegated heaven.

Tress were laden with juicy fruits,
merry birds were nursing their off shoots,
new seedlings were strengthening their roots

Shepherds, marching nights and days,
playing on their flutes on mountain path ways
and collecting their fortunes under pristine sun rays,

In the sky womb crescent curious and restless,
sailing and cruising along more or less
eager to appear in a shimmering dress.

Sadhu's were humming "OM" in saffron attire,
putting oblations in sacred fire,
waiting for a concluding glimpse and then to retire,

Air was surcharged with the hymns of "Shiv"
pilgrims with fervour gave a colorful view,
they walked on the frost unmindful, as if on dew.

On such a fragrant and exotic day
when happiness and prosperity throng our way
and lord's shower their blessings in a golden ray
then I smell it has to be your birth day.

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Spark in the night

We had promised to meet in the moon light
to make Her the scared witness,
to our fathomless love, virgin and bright
to progress and prosper in a cool compassion without a recess.

I waited the whole night
because of the promise and the word,
tolerated the chill and the freezing bite
and was restless like a caged bird.

Clouds white and dark
over the skies put their shadows,
followed the blue field and itsarc
showered thunder and lighting on my merry meadows

I could not run away
it was raining thick and abrupt
I could not protect or sway
it continuously lashed and swept

Poor me hapless and helpless,
running blindly helter skelter,
the sky Angel behaved rash and ruthless
featuring devilish and not to alter

Yes, I dashed with some thing
with some one who had a soft voice
as she asked me, "What are you doing
in such a hellish rain, attending perhaps your own demise?

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A lightning spark came to my rescue,
a beautiful human standing with a black umbrella,
wavery anatomy wrapped in drenched blue
some pearls surfing on the rosy face of a Cinderella

She again whispered, I had a date with my mate
but a coward, I suppose,
promise breakers, I hate
and such worthless deserve an acrid dose.

I jumped to the occasion and tried my fate
hurriedly extended my hand to propose
and said, same here, 'o' beautiful lady, that
Is why I am here so late
but now let us forget our past and conjugate and
sip the love in divine dose.

☆☆☆

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Scruple

I want to write something special with a purpose and not for fun,
not to ful fill the formality or the dotted lines but to be the immanent one
to carve a sustained impression of imagination with my valiant pen.

With a brave heart scratched my misty mind to search for a thought,
to beat the wrought iron with ideas chilly cold and horrid hot
and to be remembered as the only best among the lazy lot

Helpless pen was dancing on the whims of my restless fingers
tossed up and down sometimes squeezed between impatient fingers
but could write nothing, not even a word about melancholic managers.

Time galloped quickly but the ideas where running fast,
my temporal veins were bulgy because of some thoughts of present and past.
but my nude paper was a bright as moon and not a word to cast.

A novice can do nothing but shed some teasing tears,
can easily drown deep and sink in whirling waters
and will either perish or engrave its name in the index of elite writers.

O, ya, I am still a fresher, let the day progress and night to come
thn I will be more experienced, more halcyon, known to be a writing gem
and then the readers will automatically know my mighty pen
and the idea of my thinking kingdome.

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A House but not the Home

That was long time to see the lush green surrounding,
elongated shadows, the golden sun set and the merky evening
the air so breezy, wheezy, intoxicating and mesmerizing.

The chirp of birds, melodious enough to deviate anybody's attention,
to listen to the rhythmic song tuned to perfection,
I peeped through the window of the moving vehicle to listen with concentration.

I was miles away from the blazing sun and acidic fumes of the plains,
enjoying the merry moments in the paradise terrains,
trying to inhale as much of fragrant air to sooth my lungs and the veins.

My mind was loaded with tales of devastation and the ruling gun culture,
the swampy lakes, dry springs and the polluted Jehlum the-river-
but was astonished to see the prosperity, gaiety and the fervour.

Time clicked and I reached the destination of my dreams,
my heart beat galloped not because of any fear or irritating screams
but due to exotic excitement of the sinking sun beams.

Night invaded the day and I reached the gate quite late
I cleaned the dust on the door bell and sludge on the name plate,
scratched the wood panel, but discovered mush and taint.

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I blindly searched my purse to get on to the keys,
to unlock the forgotten door, some aches to ease
and after a heavy search I got hold of the keys
with lungs in wheeze

I heaved a sigh of relief with keys in my hand and palpated the lock
my fingers went through the metallic rod but felt a rocky shock,
when I saw nothing, no lock but the nut in a bolt, just in a mock.

With broken courage I pushed in as I smelled a rat in the rag
my house was in shambles and the dreams in smoggy snag,
the house was on Crutches and the home without my tag and flag.

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An emotional burst

I don't know how it happened,
the first glance and the doors opened.

It was like a magnetic attraction,
a kinetic force, a potential reaction

I had no time to think over,
it was abrupt, a sudden shower

Within a fraction I was mesmerized
without a wand hypnotized

Poor mind automatically followed the call,
thought was tamed without a fall.

I did nothing but gaze the hazel pair,
without a wink curious looks to share

Beauty within oozed and splashed her face,
daffodils bloomed and the lotus radiated in grace.

She looked like nothing but an angle,
a fairy queen, a pleasant breeze, a pleasing rill

We knotted the promise, we talked, we walked,
in a immortal friendship we were locked.

But suddenly the black wind blew,
without an alarm or whistle it flew.

Condensing my virile passion
shivering my dreams and volatile compassion.

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I could do nothing but sob and weep,
blood dripped within, yes the wound was deep.

We had just started, how come such an end?
I can loose treasures but not such a friend.

I love her from the core,
she is like a cool tide on and off the shore.

I cursed my stars, cursed Taurus,
is my love so weak, fragile and farce.

That it can't withstand rain and thunder
or can't listen the murmur so tender.

Still I am optimistic of a bright day
am sure of new sun rise and its golden ray.

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Ghost in mirror

Just yesterday I was wearing a short blue pant and a red shirt
dazzling black shoes, white socks and the virgin mind alert,
waiting for my friends whistle call, yes late to avert.

Sometimes wrestled with my oversize shirt button
made a mess of my shoe laces and looked Stunn
and sometimes at the school time opened my book to
disturb the canon

Ambitious eyes sharp and quick as to pierce through
the feminine media without a clue
and watching the majestic figure and sinuous style in a
variant hue

The games I played, the sports I enjoyed and the songs I hummed,
the waters I swam, the peaks I climbed and the heights I jumped
was all this a dream, or have the years bowled me round
my life and stumped.

Now I am tainted in white frozen snow
no wash hot or cool can made it go,
no paint can make me fair and glow

I hate to look into the mirror, is it me or the ghost in white,
mind sulky, face woody, checks sunken, a broken knight
dethroned and dismissed of his right and might.

Suddenly nobody is interested in me, I look a fen fad
for my children I am a bore, a vociferous dad
my better half says, "O, you, simply a mushy mad.

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How come this change, Ok, I am not seventeen but seventy
but still a life with passion, compassion and integrity,
I am the same human, a father, a husband and not a bit of
infidelity.

Hell with this old age,. What has God legislated?
lord in trinity must consult and get the law abrogated,
otherwise next generation will curse Him and label Him
out dated.

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The fury of Tsunami

The dew on the surface looked rusty and different,
the morning breeze turned vicious and violent
and a gruesome gurgle in calm waters behaved vulgar
and arrogant

An under water rock chugged the currents,
as if invaded by rouge insurgents
and devastated life on and of the shore within moments.

A raucous rock woke young and old from sound sleep
the windows, doors and the walls tumbled into a heap
the trees big and small crashed to the flowing fury down
and deep.

Water current in woosh was intense and devilish,
it seemed the 'Sea God' lost His patience and became peevish,
the sea in storm gushed in, yes to make mankind perish.

Tsunami played havoc and was vengeful and vicious ,
the sea was thirsty and ravenous
it swiped everything permanent and precious.

Oh ! God, don't you hear cries and wails everywhere,
were you deaf and blind or gone elsewhere
are you a step father who doesn't bother or care?

Some lives of sympathy can't help my brethren,
suffers are to be treated as our own kith and kin,
share their sorrows and grief's and lighten their chagrin.

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Smitten Moon

It was not white but a smoggy attire she wore,
it looked, she was attacked at sky shore,
I never saw the Moon so gloomy before.

Drops of blood were trickling down here face
the red droplets discolored her aura and base
she looked smitten, bitten and without any grace.

Who attacked her, who followed her?
who can be envious, can it be deliberate or can err?
she is cool and calm always smiling without an error

I have read that for fifteen nights she doesn't come out,
because of a dark demon with a serrated snout,
camping out side to make a ravenous rout.

But today we don't have black fortnight,
then how come this shady anguish at the site
forcing bright beauty to look for a brave knight

My eyes continuously followed her limp movement
on the vast starry canvas with intent
waiting to see the brave to make a rescue attempt.

Suddenly a shrinking call disturbing my attention,
I was shaken got a surprise without definition
when my mother sprinkled some cold water on my face
without any hesitation.

'O, Gosh, it was my college time, dreaming I suppose,
I smiled and patted any occiput to dilute the heavy dose,
looked through the window, it was day time
and a sparkling sun very close.

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Fading Antique

The Jews of North India are qualified geniuses
but have been robbed of their status
their cultural fragrance has been washed off,
they look green, just green cactus,
they have withered in lush green spring
because of strain and stress.

They have developed melancholia, they have insomnia,
because of sustained trauma young have amnesia,
they have dementia,
they mock laughter and smile, yes a state of schizophrenia.

They are in confused state of mind, they have psychological fear,
they have elusion, they have delusion, they are out of gear,
maximum they have tolerated, minimum they can't bear.

They have lost their heritage base, they are uprooted,
of their homes and hearth they have been looted,
their identity is erased, their presence is hooted.

He is a unique Indian, now a fading antique,
although a hard worker, he is struggling, he is up the creek,
his tomorrow is bleak, he behaves like a freak.

But one thing he possesses, he has a will to live,
he leads from the front as the captain of the sinking crew,
he is a devoted human, has a spiritual warmth and coolness of dew.

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Illumination

Let us illumination our thoughts without a flicker,
condemn the prejudice and absorb the anger,
be what we are without putting a mock mask or a shabby sticker.

Let us not burn the wick and oil of precious treasure,
nor the candle of passionate pleasure
but the ego, selfishness, the hatred weed in and around the nature.

I believe in enlightenment of intelligence,
an illumination of my precisions,
discipline, command and control my vicious arrogance.

I simply am amazed to have an illuminated preface,
which has variation of a dream and daffodils grace,
shine of golden frill and the sparkle of silver lace.

I with folded hands ask for divine verve
a splendid radiance and a rainbow curve
a crackle of soft murmur so to soothe my every nerve.

I sing with the vibrations of heart and greet the Lord
with a humming hymn I Salute with a humble nod,
I play the love's tranquility tune on my hustling cord.

On such a note I pray to heavens to bliss us with prosperity,
shower happiness and joy till infinity
and ignite the ray of love and sow the seeds of divinity.

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Curse

People around me laugh at my concentration
they say it is a useless deliberation,
nothing but a lethargic demonstration.

They say, you didn't want to do the manly work,
you idle around, waste time and shirk,
your enthusiasm is missing, you have a frozen lurk.

To write sometimes or read some pages
can't fetch any silver eggs or golden wages,
nor can it carry you to the holy feet of heavenly sages.

You are very much alive what if you are graying?
you have inculcated a clumsy habit of bragging,
you behave like a female hag who with regular child birth
is weakling

An old age home can be an ideal place for you,
there you will be treated with your due,
among the wrecks and the forgotten, a genius you can prove.

At home and amid children you poke your nose,
in kitchen you start with poem but finish prose,
you the French clown, need an acrid dose.

I think of yesterday which has withered in the past,
think of tomorrow which has a blurred cast
so what I do is, I sit calmly and look at dumb sky so vast.

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Me the Sudhama

Body in anemia, clothes in rags,
feet naked, worn out, bruised and mind in pangs,
vision blurred and exotic dream in snags.

Stamina sagged and strength broken
every step way ward and shaken
the path treacherous and blood soaken.

Hundreds and thousands of obstacles challenge his movement,
lightning and thunder dwindle his alignment,
blood dripping from the wounds, looking for some liniment.

He like a floating leaf is tossed around,
he belongs to earth but has lost his ground,
intellect diminished and thoughts unsound.

He cries in desperation he sobs in despair,
raises his weak arms but the pains he can't bear,
can't march further, his feet in bleeding tear.

He like a hollow cane,falls down and submits to his injuries,
curses his fate, wants to retreat but for his bruised knees
and for the last time calls his Master in a stammering voice and wheeze.

They say that God's bliss is late but definite,
he who has faith can stretch his hand and receive it
and one who surrenders to His lotus feet can find the treasure infinite.

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Me as the 'Sudhama' ignorant and illiterate,
idling, lethargic and cursing the fate,
Unable to concentrate, can't meditate.

I humbly ask for the bliss, 'O' Krishna
torch my ignorance to dazzling wisdom, 'O' Krishna,
clean the weeds from the swamps and ooze
the gushing knowledge of love and spiritual springs, 'O' Krishna

Bestow 'Sudhama' with spiritual tranquility, 'o' Lord,
nourish the love seed with devotion O, Lord
and bloom the flower and fruit within O, Lord.

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Deepawli

On such an auspicious night if illumination,
when night is supposed to be dull and dark
I pray to lord to enlighten me with spiritual imagination
with the radiance of knowledge and wisdom mark,
with the brilliance of devotion and concrete concentration,
with pertinent patience, face the happenings at earth arc.

I pray to Lord to ignite my candle with the flame of love
spark my non luminous zone with infinite light,
brighten the black wick with verve and vitality of a devoted dove,
transform the eclipsed and moonless fortnight
into glaring and glazing shine definitely now,
bless me with literate mind and affectionate might.

Burn the effigy of my ego and ignorance
detach my greed, pride and selfishness
enlighten my inner realm with flashy florescence,
clean the slush and swamp of my fenny fickleness,
tune my melody and cadence in sweetness and worthiness,

I with folded hands, bent self and absolute humility,
drenched in tears of realization and repentance,
ask for forgiveness of my sins and callous deformity,
bestow me with divine romance and divine prudence,
shower the blessings of eternal sagacity
and allow me to light the lamps of sacred benevolence.

✯✯✯

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Krishna

Love is infinite because 'Krishna' is its ultimate,
it gushes like a fountain, flows into the ocean of ecstasy,
opens the gate
after pushing whatever hurdles and meets its mate.

Krishna is an apostle of love sagacious,
a compassionate fruit so delicious,
an immortal trust so precious.

Krishna is the divine womb where love nourishes,
a spiritual placenta which feeds and never perishes,
a radiant minarette where darkness humbles and life flourishes.

Every beloved is a "Radha" and "Krishna" her lover,
their bonded relation is a blissful shower
an affiliation, a relation with immense courage and power,

Lord in trinity created the world to bash
the hatred and ignorance to ash
and the treasure of love to cash.

Krishna in me ignites the love flame within
asks me to dig out the bounty hidden
and distribute the "Prasad" to the hate ridden.

Who can hate Krishna, who can ignore love?
who can trample the faith and kill the peace dove?
let us all take a vow and "Geeta" to follow.

✯✯✯

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An ocean in the cup

I was watching on the banks dreaming about the rhythmic waves of youth,
glittering sun rays, floating lotuses, cool aura to soothe dull eyes and the suspended past which once was soothing and smooth.

It is unbelievable to see the subdued roar,
the flowing level frozen and condensed in its core,
shinning ripples lost in sandy shore,

It looks oozing origin has infectious lump,
gigantic periphery bent into a hump
and the vast ocean has shrunk into the cup.

Who to blame, the fast pacing time or withering age?
resulting in multiple aches and the fragile cage,
trying to read the distorted lines on the wet page.

Why is not God merciful to life?
just waiting for the autumn to harvest with knife,
deserting the oozing springs, bringing up the gloom and strife.

This has to be the reason why life fears Lord,
can't love Him who stands overhead with a lethal rod,
they worship Him for personal greed to slow the travel to heavenly abode.

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Furious Monsoon

Monsoon supposed to be pleasant and sensuous
sooths the body and mind of heat toxins so viscous
brings dear ones closer to make moments precious.

But this time it was all different as the rains
lashed day and night, flooded lanes and drains
looked like a roaring river because of furious rains.

Mumbai, the nerve center of trade was floating with a gush
rain God was angry, opened the gates in a mad rush
and in frenzy, ravenous waves splashed mush and slush.

Without a reprieve it rained day and night,
furious monsoon was on its prowl in full might,
it ruined everything devastated life without a fight.

Hundreds and thousand were strained anywhere and everywhere,
life stopped, there was hue and cry painted with tragedy and fear,
physical and mental traumas heaped up, throwing life out of gear.

Mothers lost their sons, brothers their sisters,
husbands were looking for their wives while gazing at the rash waters,
government as a mate authority failed in all quarters.

The off time death invaded almost every family
humble humans surrendered quite tamely
tolerated yet another fury and sobbed calmly

Wailing mothers impatiently wait for the door knock
fathers are in partial coma, lying in a shock
moist eyes waiting and eager to talk.

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A Tourist, not an Aborigine

Chinar valley was quiet and calm as if in a deep sleep,
streets deserted except rubbish junk smelling in a heap,
I was stunned to see paradise ugly and in shabby upkeep

No doubt the new look face lift of the capital was vivid
but the hustle bustle in slumber and the air rancid
barking dog's echoed howl was clear and lucid.

I was wondering, is this the place where I was born
where I scaled peaks, played bare footed and developed corn,
where I swam miles of waters and was torn and worn.

The sound of temple gong was feeble and weak,
as if exhausted with the tyranny of tyrants shrick,
yes, the inmate master seemed humble and up the creek.

In the morning I looked for smiling daffodils,
chirping cuckoo and dancing rills,
snowy mountains and its lush green bottom frills.

I walked on the 'Dal boulevard" to refresh my thoughts
inhaled as much of fresh air to oxiginate mess of all sorts,
I looked for shimmering ripples which were tainted with
mushy dots.

That was an awesome look of the swampy beauty,
rusty lotuses floating in impurity,
sparkling swans lost in history and mystery.

Surprisingly a young man from somewhere asked me, "Sir,
are you from across the Kaman bridge?
or across the 'Pir-Panchal' ridge

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to which I calmly replied, :I am the aborigine, I am your cultural hinge.

You an aborigine! How come? He was curious in asking, are you a Kashmir Pandita? Who is simply basking and idling in Indian States, you are a tourist here, pack up and don't wait for the morning.

I was furious within but cool otherwise,
Kashmir Pandit a tourist in his own state perhaps weeping on his own demise.
does it mean our roots are pulled out and cut in size?

My goodness, an ethnic axe thirsty of human blood,
a cultural annihilation by an apartheid flood,
a mute community watching and wailing, not a tear to shed.

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My Dream

I am a compulsive dreamer, I dream a lot
it can be day, night but sleepy necessarily not,
thought should be passionate, hot or cold but on the dot.

Medical science says, dreams are nothing but daily happenings,
whether sour or sweet, short or big innings,
mind views the happy moments or nostalge rumblings

But I say it is a world of different shows,
it has entertainment, it has friends it has foes,
it takes you to unknown heavens far and close.

It has Herculian might and God's divinity
it has thrills, romance and exciting fantasy,
it has fidelity, festivity and ambiguity

It can make you an actor in a melodrama,
it can take you to the lotus feet of Krishna or Rama,
it can make you rich like sudhama.

It unlocks any treasure without a key,
it shows anything which you can't see,
it makes you immortal which you can't be

I dream of soaring high into the skies
to match the speed of a swift and watch with open eyes
to fly in the optimistic swing to win miles.

I dream of touching the aura of rainbow
to colour myself in its reflection high and low,
to shine and sparkle but to pride and prejudice say no.

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I dream of being me and imitate nobody,
just swim deep into the oceans of love tranquility,
enjoy the cool and compassionate realms of spirituality.

Believe me, my dream is to serve humanity
work hard to reach the zenith minus vanity
be true to my inner self and dispense the frank love in longevity.

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Veiled Beauty

Three musketeers with an urge to have a glimpse of beauty
followed her from across the bridge to the busy streets of the city,
their rapid walk was rhythmic but mission in curiosity.

She was wearing a black silken gown with a veil pearl bead,
she was like a royal princess in the lead
and the male chaperones taking care of her robe and steed.

She was tall, elegant and had a rhythm in steps,
her gait was tuned to perfection by an efficient choreographer perhaps,
her feet were shinning as if the moon bathed in milky syrups.

To brake the ice was to sing a rhyme,
to be the leader was worth a golden dime,
but none had the valour to do the silent crime.

It was she who stopped and asked "You"
what is your problem, why lined in a queue?
don't be smart, jail yard only is your due.

Two of the three clowns succumbed to their sweet and shame,
sensing a police remand their gruesome game,
they detached themselves from the captain and his nefarious aim.

Believe me, the captain stood brave as a knight,
stood firm on the ground and faced her volley
with a sustained might,
without a wink asked her, "Can we battle without a fight"?

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She boldly replied, " Can you stand" if I remove my veil?
promise me, you will not melt or perish or fail,
be sure that you will not tremble or turn pale.

Without any hesitation she removed the
veil from her face,
without a freak smile looked into the yes of the
general who ran at a fast pace,
with stream of sweats rolling down he covered
his face in disgrace.

Defeated captain reached his friends some how
and said; goodness me, she is just a poxy dove,
I vow not to chase any black or hidden beauty from now.

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Fairy Angle

I saw a fairy angel in the dream,
dressed in sparkling white, facial done in milk and cream
she was looking brighter than a moon with a sensuous gleam.

Transparency of her beauty is beyond definition,
every curve chiselled with pure perfection,
not a flaw in shaping the curves of attraction.

Blonde curls in her locks were like dimples
on the sheeny petals of smiling daffodils
and her face was purposefully decorated with couple of pimples.

She was fabulous, majestically royal
as she looked at me with a caring smile,
with a letter in her eyes, she was purposeful for a while.

I was gasping with astonishment,
heart beat irrhythmic with excitement,
did I win the race, I don't know? Or lost my alignment?

With a cautions courage I asked her in a whisper
can I be Krishna to Radha, yes an immortal lover,
with poetry as my music and love my subjective power.

Without speaking a word she moistened her rosy lips,
without writing sent paras in winking quips,
without goblets, relished the 'Love punch' in silent sips.

I pray to heavens not to awake me from my dreams
but lull me on the exotic waves of rainbow dreams
and please, 'O', Lord nourish my sleep with compassionate
dreams.

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Pumpkin Tragedy

You may have heard of a boat or bus tragedy, but never a "Kitchen parody"
you may have heard of "Cannelloni" but never a "gourd comedy"
when an innovative recipe created mundane melody.

As you know, every human beast has a taste of his own linking,
some relish salt and pepper, some have sweet binge on "bacon baking"
and some voracious on Rissole for dining.

To go and cook the scattered compound is a mastery,
it is an experienced knack, not an easy job of any Tom, Dick and Hary,
it needs patience, innovations and the kitchen chemistry.

Once the lethargics asked the queen maid to cook
some delicious 'Veggie cakes' out of the book
with a saltish taste and a ruddy look.

Poor soul took the challenge with a smile,
put on the apron, played with the blunt armoury for a while,
and designed the humpty dumpy, pumpkin in spicy oil.

Table was set, musketeers with their spoons were beating an irrhythmic tune,
impatience was on high alert, dinner to be served soon
and the "buccal Saliva" trickling like humid sweats of June.

Goodness me, after the first lick, a sudden grin, teeth in gnash while heads in a bow
every one echoed a hiccup, a wheeze of a crony crow,
glanced their critical eyes, looked for salad or curds with a curl in brow.

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The maid, the humble maid gazing like a cat amid hungry monkeys,
felt dejected and disheartened, waited for a remark of tease,
she was looking less of a kitchen mistress and knew soon
will loose the kitchen keys.

Believe me, she was forced to finish that dish of pumpkin
for full week, she hesitantly filled her belly bin
as if awarded a punishment for her involuntary sin.

She vowed never to cook such a pumpkin fantasy,
not because it tastes bad but it creates fog to fussy,
and makes the table atmosphere muzzy.

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Dr. Roshan Saraf *'Roshi Roshi'*

Dr. Roshan Saraf a multidimensional poet writes in English, Urdu, Hindi and Kashmiri, and has three books in his name including the "Rhythmic Verses".

As a professional doctor his sharp memory and armoury poetic vocabulary has helped him to be a successful medical professional and an ornamental poet. His command on Kashmiri language, his singing style, his playing different musical instruments has cultivated a style of his own as a poet and singer.

His devotional poetry on Bhagavaan Gopinathji, Gazals and Nazams on mysticism, devotion and romance are very popular with the masses. Let Lord bestow prolific flow to his pen and thoughts and to his melodious voice.

AMEN.

Prof. O.N. Chrangoo

G.M. College of Education
Raipur, Bantalab
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Acc No... 3714 (D)
Dated 17/10/22

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RHYTHMIC VERSES

DR. ROSHAN SARAF

CC-O. Agamnigam Digital Preservation Foundation,Chandigarh